

FOR THE YOUNG PEOPLE

Bobby and His Chicks

BOBBOY—little flaxen-haired Bobby, five years old, if you please—is the proud owner of a white hen with a brood of thirteen fluffy, glistening little chicks. And if any-

thing should happen to one of them—goodness me, how little Bobby would "carry on" and weep briny tears!

When he found there were thirteen chicks he was worried, for some people, you know, consider 13 an unlucky number. But his Uncle Will assured him that it had always been his lucky number and that he felt certain it was Bobby's too. And Bobby was much relieved.

So far, all of them are as fat and chirpy and frisky as any chicks could be; and, unless an old hawk comes swooping along this summer or a weasel gets into their coop, or a sudden rainstorm comes up and drowns them, they will most likely grow to be lordly roosters and sleek hens, with chicks of their own some day.

And the best part of it all is that Bobby raised them himself! Yes, indeed, he attended to everything. First, he selected the eggs—fifteen in all—for "the setting." Then, while he was waiting for Biddy, the old white hen, to get ready to set, he carefully turned each egg over every day, as Richard, the hired man, showed him how to do.

Then, one afternoon, he came hurrying into the house and said that Biddy was on her nest, all ready to set. So Bobby very carefully carried the fifteen eggs out to the chicken house and, while Richard picked up the squawking Biddy and held her, Bobby placed the eggs in the nest. Then Richard put Biddy back on the nest and the hatching had begun.

From then on, for twenty-one days, Bobby went three times a day to Biddy's nest and filled the cups attached to the side of it with water and grain. He crossed each day off on the calendar, and, goodness me, how slowly the days did drag by!

But finally, in the afternoon of the twenty-first day the little chicks, one at a time and at intervals, pecked their way out of their shells. And, with Richard instructing him, Bobby checked in under Biddy and lifted the chicks out.

Then he took them to the kitchen, placed them in a dry pasteboard box, lined with soft tissue paper and wool, and put the box on a chair close to the kitchen stove. He was very careful to see that they were snug and warm, and, in fact, the box proved as satisfactory as a regular brooder.

After forty-eight hours, Bobby scattered a handful or two of fine chick grit on the bottom of the box and, presently, the thirteen fluffy little ones were pecking busily away at it. Two of the chicks had failed to hatch out; for, you know, it is rare indeed

that every egg under a hen produces a chick.

After a while Bobby gave them some water in an inverted top of a prepared chick feed. And finally, he took them all back and placed them under Biddy who was still on her nest faithfully trying to hatch out the other two eggs.

The next morning he went out to the chicken yard and, behold, there was Biddy, as pleased as Punch, scratching in the dirt with her family around her. Gracious, how Biddy did chuck at and boss those little rascals around! They would persist in scampering away and trying to crawl under the fence.

Bobby filled a little basket with chick feed for the little fellows and corn and wheat for Biddy and scattered it on the ground in front of

them. Instantly a big black hen and a big black rooster came running for the feed. Biddy clucked and ruffled her feathers and most of the chicks scampered away as fast as their frightened little legs could carry them. Bobby hollered so loudly at the rooster that, clucking loudly, he fairly flew over the ground. At the same time he swung his basket at the hen to "shoo" her away. And Biddy turned to collect her scattered brood.

Presently they were all together again and, you may be sure, Bobby stood guard over them while they fed. Every last chick of those thirteen now has a name. One is called Fluffy Boy, another Puff Ball, and Cutsey and Yellow Puff and Fuzzy Wuzzy and—oh, such cunning names, all of which Bobby chose himself. And, it is certain, none of that family, not even one of them, will ever be killed to eat! Bobby says he is willing to never have juicy fried chicken as long as he lives, if it has to be one of his pets!

What He Told Her

I AM tired of running after you, Mr. Butterfly," said Emma, throwing her hat on the bench and seating herself near it. "I'll rest a bit and then I'll try again because I promised Bob I'd bring him one. He's sick and couldn't go out on this lovely June Day. Aren't you sorry for him, and won't you come to me?"

"I did not know your brother was ill!" said a voice quite near to Emma, and there was the butterfly perched on the back of the bench, ready to chat with the child.

"Oh, you lovely creature!" cried Emma. "Did you come to go home with me, or are you just going to talk?"

"If you don't mind, I'll talk, and then fly away again, for you see I'm enjoying my life in my own way, and wouldn't like to be interfered with. You must know I wasn't always a butterfly."

"You weren't? Then what were you?"

"I was an egg. My mother placed me on an underside of a milkweed leaf and I was smaller than the head of a pin."

"How interesting," said Emma, "I'm learning."

"A few days later I burst and—"

"Did it hurt?" asked the sympathetic child.

"No, I was only an egg up to that time, remember that if you please. As I was saying, I burst my tiny shell, and guess what came out of the shell?"

"I guess it was you, was it?"

"Yes, it was I, but you never would

have known me."

"Were you ugly?"

"Judge for yourself. I had no

wings; I had a body and I had sixteen legs."

"No wings? Then you were—"

"I was a caterpillar, with a healthy appetite."

"Ugh!" exclaimed Emma. "I hate

caterpillars. I'm glad you have changed."

"All butterflies come from the things you hate, didn't you know that, you funny little girl?"

"Tell me some more about your self, please."

"Well, I told you I had sixteen legs; now count."

"One, two, three, four, five, six," said Emma, walking around the butterfly so as not to miss any.

"I see you can count. When I first became a caterpillar I ate and ate until I burst. You see, I ate so much that my skin became too tight."

"Did any one see you do it?"

"No, I went off by myself for a few hours, and when my friends saw me again I had a brand-new skin—all yellow and green. Then beautiful

dreams came to me. I dreamed that I was floating among the clouds with the birds; this was before my skin came off. When it finally dropped away I was a chrysalis—a smooth, little pear-shaped thing, without eyes or legs or mouth. There I swung and I wriggled and wriggled until I became the shape you see me now."

"And then—"

"And then I really soared up to the birds and am having the time of my young life. Please, little girl, don't try to catch me; let me live out here in the garden where God placed me."

"Of course I will let you live. I'll take Bob a bunch of daisies instead."

Emma opened her eyes to see the butterfly soar up to the birds, and she smiled at him as she went to pick some daisies for brother Bob.

"Are they for me?" asked Bob as Emma entered the sick room. "But where is the butterfly you promised me?"

"I saw one, but it seemed so happy out among the flowers this beautiful June Day, that I hadn't the heart to catch it. Bob," said Emma, going close to her brother, "I had the funniest chat with that butterfly out in the garden just now. Would you like to hear it?"

Bob nodded "yes," and Emma told him everything the butterfly had told her.

Except that the Captain now talked to the boys and he told them that if they both wanted to then, that they now could give orders to all of his men. So Fred drilled the Rabbits and Ned drilled the Hares.

For the boys were real smart in all army affairs. "March by fours! To the right!" shouted Fred with his might.

Very much like a general just starting to fight; so the Rabbits turned round in a minute or more and soon they were marching ahead, four by four. And then Fred shouted out, "Right by fours into line!"

So his Rabbits came up in a line that was fine. And young Ned, just for fun, marched his Hares, one by one.

And then four by four, on a very fast run. But all of a sudden, a Giant was seen. A great big tall Giant who looked very mean, and this Giant was hungry and thought he would try

To have for his dinner a big rabbit pie. For rabbits, you know, when they're cooked are real good.

And the Giant now chased them as fast as he could. But he didn't see Fred and he didn't see Ned. For both of the boys hid themselves while he passed.

But they both were real scared and their breath came real fast.

Soon the Rabbits and Hares had all gone out of sight.

And the Giant still chased them with all of his might.

But Rabbits run fast when they once start to go and whether he caught that time, I don't know. But Fred and young Ned were now left all alone and all that now happened, next time will be shown.

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